

Footsteps in Virgin White Sand

It is just me
Sitting on an old stump
In the surf of the sea

I am looking at the horizon
Waiting for the first sun ray
The breaking of a new day

Running down my spine a cold chill
It's all quiet and still
Sea breeze in my face
Just time for a little grace

Two little sand pipers running by
Never looking or asking why
Cold sea water tickling my feet
A little crab going forward, backwards

I looked back at the land
Only my footsteps in the Virgin
White Sand
And still I felt that I was not there alone

Then came the first golden ray
The brilliance of the new day
And dear Lord I say
Guide me through this beautiful day



Pa: Roland W. Peterson

